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| “Your are your fathers’ memorials.” | “Not so long ago I was a schoolboy running a barefoot first...Off I ran, out of the iron gates and away to war” | “I enjoy writing in the notebook...” | “Good. Can’t wait to catch up to the war.” | “My names give me the right to be here anyway...” |
| “There was something in him, some wrong thing that hurt people or frightened them...” | “...dream girl...” | “Your father was a man of God, a brave man, affected much worse than I...” | “Brother Pita has a rosary vand a small scent bottle filled with holy water...Brother Rangi has a Luger...The fountain pen that I write with was presented to me by Father John...” | “Little father’ was what everyone called Pita in those years.” |
| “Tu, who had been sheltered from rage, was their hope for the future.” | ““All right little popgun soldiers, up we go”, Rangi said...” | “Jerry was everywhere...” | “...how do I feel now there is time to sit and write...My main feeling... is one of pride.” | “When the formation of the new Battalion was announced the news was greeted with general excitement.” |
| “In the snow-covered field death is contorted, limbs angled or unjointed... Men are marble, broken angels.” | “The girl was not for him, not even when the world was free.” | “Can you push a broom, boy?” | “The brown man has to be twice as good as the white man in order to be equal.” | “Here we were, backhome boys seeing all of this.” |
| “I think of my own home mountain, Taranaki...” | “I am a soldier and our task is to free the world. I’m happy to be a man of the Twenty-Eighth Battalion with such a job to do, Maori Battalion staunch and true.” | ``Maori Battalion march to victory, Maori Battalion staunch and true, Maori Battalion march to glory, Take the honour of the people with you... etc...” | ‘Here we were, we backhome boys, seeing all this.... I thought how tiny we all are and what little reasons there are for what we do | “He decided he was too backhome and ignorant to understand all that, too in-a-tree waiting and not enough school. So he kept himself quiet and worked hard, hardly opening his mouth...” |
| “Maybe we were just a little glass marble rolled in against a gigantic and immovable steel ball in some grotesque game.” | “...we were not now who we were before... Now we were pale ghosts of men whose bones were coming through to live on the outsides of our skins...” | “He’s a kind of a lone ghost soldier, disappearing into the dark or into gunsmoke..., often defying command by acting alone...” | “... these wounds were inflicted,... by brothers who decided I was not man enough to withstand the consequences of where I had placed myself – brothers who had made themselves my keepers.” | “Here I am living the life of an old man... The difference is that I’m thirty-eight – not seventy-eight...” |
| “Back to the Pa now boys.” | “I want you to know how futile I think it was... We were their little glassies, stinkines, steelies, botlies and bully-taw... We the little popgun soldiers...” | “We have taken full part in war but haven’t yet been able to take full part in peace.” | “I have a new dream...” |  |